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OR,

Literary and Scientific Mirror.

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Correspondence.

DISINTERMENT OF THE DEAD FOR SURGICAL PURPOSES.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I perceive by your last *Mirror* that that interesting subject—the disinterment of the dead for surgical purposes—which has so much, of late, occupied the attention of the town, is likely to undergo a discussion in your miscellany. It is my wish that that discussion may be carried on with all the calmness that such a serious subject requires, and be, at the same time, amusing to your readers.

A gentleman, under the cognomen of *Edgar*, has boldly stepped forth as the champion of the resurrectionists, and, with all the gallantry of a chevalier of former times, challenges those who differ from him in opinion, on that subject, to the combat. As it would perhaps occupy too much of your miscellany, as well as fatigue your readers, to notice all that this knight has said on the subject, I shall forbear forming a garland from the flowers of his rhetoric to ornament his brow. I shall, therefore, as I pass on, notice only such of his arguments, in a general way, as bear exactly on the subject, without examining each minutely.

The extract from the *Westminster Review*, with which you, Mr. Editor, commenced your remarks on this subject, is very appropriate, and with it I sincerely concur. "Veneration for the dead is connected with the noblest and sweetest sympathies of our nature." It is a principle common to the savage and the sage. It has been planted by nature, and will, I trust, prevail, as long as man possesses those fine and delicate feelings which are an ornament to his species.

Edgar and I are not at issue about the propriety of anatomical dissections; but we are as to the means of procuring subjects. He makes very light, indeed, of violating the sanctuaries of the dead to serve his purposes. I contend that places of interment are as much private property as goods in a shop, or merchandise in a warehouse. And the individual who steals a corpse from a churchyard is as much a robber as he who picks a pocket, or feloniously enters a house. This fact, I imagine, will overturn all the arguments of *Edgar*. I care not for what purposes the bodies may be used—whether for the eradication of disease, or the progress of science: if these are to be promoted, they must be promoted by honest means, or else not at all. If science be retarded, the fault will rest with the people themselves, and not with *Edgar* and those who think with him.

These remarks lead me to the question of *Edgar*. He demands, "Answer this, all ye who shudder at the idea of dissection: which is the more appalling to contemplate—the worm and *corruption* feeding on a dead body, or the dissecting knife of the anatomist piercing it?" This question is most easily answered: the one is natural, the other unnatural. We are all familiarized with the idea, that "from dust we came, and to dust we must return." We are, therefore, not appalled at the change the body undergoes ere it mingles with its kindred dust, for that is quite natural; but who amongst us is familiarized with the idea, or reconciled to the notion, that we shall be dragged from our tranquil tombs, pickled like cow hides, crammed into casks, and exported to other countries, to be cut and carved by the dissecting knife of the anatomist? We know it "boots not to the dead whether their remains become a mass of loathsome corruption,—or whether, by the means of science, they become subservient to the interests of the living;" but it "boots" a good deal to the living. What husband would like to see or hear of her who had once been his bosom companion thus maltreated? There is not a father or mother, a brother or sister, possessing those correct feelings which bind society together, and make life valuable, but would be horrified at the idea of anatomists abusing thus those whom, whilst in life, they cherished dearly.—In the name of all that is decent, let us not tolerate the degradration of the human species in this manner.

Edgar must not forget, that, whilst on the one hand he wishes to better the condition of mankind, he, on the other, by inciting to crime, promotes the deterioration of morals. That excellent and able petition from the members of the Liverpool Literary and Philosophical Society says on this subject, "that the present system of disinterring the dead is mischievous and disgusting; and that some other plan should, without delay, be adopted in its stead. It is mischievous, because the employment of men in the night time, in the secret breach of the laws, is a nursery for crime, as the continued commission of one offence leads man, by degrees, to the disregard of all moral obligation; and it is disgusting, because the invasion of the grave offends against the natural feelings of mankind." If *Edgar* be a genuine philanthropist, he will not hesitate to subscribe to this. I have not the least doubt, however, that if every medical institution in the United Kingdom were to petition Parliament in the same manner as the Liverpool Literary and Philosophical Society has done, their prayers would be granted: and this is the only genuine way to procure subjects for dissection.

It might be suggested, in addition to persons dying in hospitals, (particularly naval and military hospitals,) workhouses, penitentaries, prisons, &c. that the bodies of all suicides should be given up for dissection. This, besides being something in the way of the anatomist, might have a wholesome effect in arresting crimes of that description.—With all due respect for *Edgar*, I remain, yours, most respectfully,

Liverpool, October 26, 1826. PAX.

BODIES FOR DISSECTION.

SIR,—I observe, in your last week's paper, a petition from some members of the Royal Institution to the House of Commons, praying that the bodies of such persons as die in our hospitals and infirmaries may be submitted to dissection. I should think such a proposition must be very appalling to the feelings of the poor, though I fully agree with the petitioners on the necessity of having subjects for dissection; and I think, as the surgeons appear to make so light of the subject, they ought to set the example, by agreeing that, when dead, their own bodies shall be given up for that purpose. Perhaps if the medical men will agree to this it will do away with a good deal of the horror which is felt at the idea of having one's flesh mangled, and probably torn from the bones, after death. Let the names of all the medical men in Liverpool, and all other towns, be registered, and lodged with the lecturers on anatomy in each town, so that, when dead, their bodies may be claimed by, and delivered over to them.

Their remains can be buried after the ends of science are accomplished. Yours, &c.

Oct. 24, 1826. A TOWNSMAN.

The proposition that surgeons should bequeath their own bodies for dissection has often been urged; and we are of opinion that the great majority of the profession would not object to such an arrangement.—*Edit. Kal.*

Tales, Romances, &c.

THE BETROTHED,

OR THE BLOOD-STAINED DAGGER.

A Romance, in Twelve Chapters, by W. R. of Manchester.

[*Continued from page 87.*]

CHAPTER V.

"Yes, power hath been my idol;
And through long years of anxious, sleepless nights,
I have pursued the phantom. Oh! ye know not,
I trow, of all the danger I have passed
To gain it; yet it still eludes my grasp.
But I'll obtain it, or mine heart-strings shall crack."

Old Play.

Rodolph de Comines was by birth a Neapolitan, of noble extraction, and had early in life contracted an intimacy with the honourable house of Viscomti, which, in process of time, ripened into a friendship. He was a man possessed of strong natural talent, and his only ambition was love of wealth and power: with a view to the accumulation of the one, and laying a sure foundation for the other, he determined upon obtaining the hand of the daughter, and sole heiress of the house of Viscomti. His own fortune and possessions had been impaired by his predecessor, and he resolved, at whatever risk it might cost him, again to raise his house to the rank in power and fortune it had formerly held, or to perish beneath the ruins in the attempt.

This, then, was his predominating passion; and all other objects were to him a secondary consideration, compared with the idol of his soul—power. He was endowed with an understanding which enabled him to foresee the probable result of any undertaking; and the more arduous the appearance of the project, the more sure would he calculate upon his ultimate success. He was ever known to attain whatever object he aimed at, and the numerous suitors of Leonora Viscomti retired, discomfited, when it was known he aspired to her hand.

The father of Leonora, although upon habits of great intimacy with De Comines, could not endure the idea that she should ever become his bride; and it was with feelings of an indescribable nature that Viscomti observed a passion growing in the bosom of each, which had taken too deep a root to be speedily eradicated. De Comines was a bankrupt in fortune, and for that reason Viscomti resolved that his daughter should marry Reginald Gouzague, a young Florentine nobleman, whose possessions were

ample, and whose power was almost unbounded; added to which, his person combined all the perfections of form, with an amiable disposition, and the greatest suavity of manners: such was the husband fixed upon by Viscomti for his daughter. They had never met, but he did not doubt but that a very favourable impression would be made at the first interview. Reginald was the son of Viscomti's youthful friend, and he resolved to take the earliest opportunity of bringing about a meeting between them; and a circumstance very opportunely occurred, at this juncture, to favour his wishes:—A neighbouring nobleman was about to give a grand *fête*, in honour of the birthday of his only daughter; to which all the flower of the nobility were invited, and amongst others Viscomti, who also caused Reginald Gonzague to be invited to attend.

The festivities of the evening had proceeded with uninterrupted gaiety, and the dance was about to commence, when Viscomti led Reginald up to Leonora, and presented him as her partner for the evening. Rodolph, who stood conversing with her at the moment, resented it; high words ensued, rapiers were drawn, and but for the interposition of the host, Reginald and Rodolph would have disputed their right to her hand, at the sword's point: nevertheless, Rodolph danced with her, having, previously to the appearance of Reginald, obtained her promise, which the rules of honour forbade she should break.

Viscomti, chagrined at the repulse he had met with from De Comines, took the first opportunity of resenting the insult; which he did in terms the most derogatory to the honour of Rodolph. Long before the festivities of the evening were concluded, Viscomti withdrew, taking with him his daughter; at which De Comines appeared much mortified, and left the room, almost at the same instant, with a hurried step.

On the following morning, the body of Viscomti was found, stabbed to the heart and covered with blood, in a deep ravine, not far from his own mansion; and his death was enveloped in the deepest mystery. Leonora, when pressed to give an account of her father's death, always contrived to evade the questions, except by saying, that they were met by two assassins, wrapped in long dark cloaks, who, after murdering her father, conducted her to her home without molestation; and when questioned if the persons of either of them were familiar to her, she answered in the negative. From this time her habits became gloomy and morose; and she no longer mingled in the gay and brilliant circles of Venice: scarcely ever was a smile seen to irradiate her countenance, which, before the death of her father, shed brightness on every object around.

Some secret reports spoke of Rodolph being an accessary to the deed, if not a principal actor; but he soon silenced the rumour,—some by threats, and others by the point of his dagger. The affair would, doubtless, have been further investigated, but the aversion of Leonora to dwell upon the subject of her father's death was attributed to the grief which that unhappy event had caused in her mind; therefore it was deemed prudent to let the affair take its own course, and it was not doubted but that time would elucidate the whole, although then enveloped in such a dark mystery. Whatever participation Rodolph might have had in the death of Viscomti, that event had been one which he had contemplated with pleasure, and one over which he had brooded with intense anxiety; as by that event he considered the great obstacle to his future wealth and power would be removed.

It was three days anterior to the one enumerated in the last chapter, that De Comines was pacing to and fro in his chamber, with a hasty and perturbed step; the gloominess of his brow betokened that he was revolving in his mind ideas of a very painful nature. The apartment in which he was, coincided, to the minutest point, with his gloominess: the wainscoting was curiously carved, representing various grotesque figures; the wood upon which the carvings were executed being cut from the mountain larch, gave the whole a very dark and sombre hue;—the small gothic windows scarcely admitted a ray of light through the richly-stained glass; and above them floated, in many an ample fold, the banners of his ancestors, on which were emblazoned the various devices of chivalry; and they seemed to wave in mockery of the abjectness of their present lord. Rodolph was alone; but from the anxiety with which he gazed towards a recess at the upper end of the apartment, it was evident he was in deep expectancy of some visitor. He would stand silent a moment, and listen with fearful suspense, and then would start, and pace the room again with agony. The sunset streamed through the deeply coloured glass, throwing a mellow, yet sombre hue over the apartment; and Rodolph went to the window and opened it, to survey the beautiful scenery which was profusely spread around, and also that the air, as it streamed through the lattice, might cool the fever of his brow. The castle was seated on the banks of the Rhine; and Rodolph traced the mazy windings of the birds, as they skimmed over the surface of the river, anxious to divert the current of his corroding thoughts.

The sun had shed his last rich golden beam upon the ripples of the river, and the thin watery vapours began to ascend. Rodolph, as he surveyed the scene, was lost in a labyrinth of thought; and the whirlwind of passion had subsided within his breast, as he exhaled the pure and scented breath of evening.

The door of the recess opened, and an aged man appeared, bowed down with years, and the furrows of deep care and thought were legibly engraven on his forehead; his thin hair was of a silvery gray, as was also his beard, which he had permitted to grow to a considerable length, and which gave him a very venerable appearance. "Well, Lavigne?" anxiously asked Rodolph. "I have" replied the astrologer, "diligently read the ample pages of heaven, and see nought that betokens what you spoke concerning."—"Fool! dotard!" exclaimed Rodolph in a paroxysm of rage, "didst thou not tell me thou could'st read my destiny? nay, thou could'st find each star, and name its vortex even to a needle's point? And now, forsooth, thou can'st not find a star of magnitude."—"Indeed, my lord, it does not shine to night;" answered the astrologer, trembling at every nerve. "Go to;" said Rodolph, rather coolly," if, by the time the turret bell beats twelve, thou hast not marked the progress of that star, beware my rage. Thou understandest me; until that hour I will await thee here; begone." The astrologer disappeared at the door he had entered, and his steps were heard as he slowly ascended the turret.

CHAPTER VI.

"I've oft times heard,
At Princes' murders, monstrous births forebode;
The heaven's themselves rain blood. Why, let it rain!
If my heart holds her purpose, with this hand
I'll swell the purple deluge." *Nat. Lee.*

De Comines, although a man of powerful intellect, was naturally very credulous and superstitious, confiding much in presentiments, and placing great reliance upon the influence which the stars have upon the destiny of man; and for this reason he retained amongst his domestics an astrologer, who was reputed to possess a considerable degree of skill in casting nativities.

An attendant had placed before De Comines a taper, he was in deep contemplation, and the attendant, without disturbing his reverie, departed unobserved; indeed, the domestics of his household considered this chamber to be haunted, and it was usually known by the appellation of "the Mysterious Chamber," or "the White Lady's Apartment." It was currently reported, that a lady of the family had been murdered in this room, and the domestics had not unfrequently heard their lord in earnest conference, when it was well known that no human being was in his presence: various conjectures were made respecting the strange noises which were heard here, and the domestics had an involuntary antipathy to approaching this apartment, but when compelled to attend upon their master in it; so soon as they were dismissed, they retreated with the greatest precipitation.

The cause assigned for giving this room the designation of "the White Lady's Apartment," proceeded from a circumstance which at once confirmed the opinions of the scentical domestics. One of them having business in the apartment, hastily entering, observed a female figure, whose vestments were white; she stood statue-like, and her appalled visitor reeled out of the door with a fearful and hasty step. It was observed Rodolph always retired to this apartment when he appeared gloomy, and his only audience on these occasions were the Baron de Holstein and Lavigne the astrologer; indeed, between the Baron and De Comines, there appeared to exist a mutual friendship as if bound by a stronger tie than commonly exists between friends.

The apartment, as has been before observed, had a very antique appearance; and the faint and glimmering light, shed from a single taper, added still more to its solemnity. Presently what, to a casual observer, might have appeared a portrait, slid on one side, a secret door opened, and a female figure glided in, much to the discomfiture of Rodolph, as was evident from the embarrassment he underwent upon seeing her, as though he wished to avoid the interview. She was the same female who had visited Leonora in the convent, but she had now a more wild and singular apppearance.

"Well, Morna! what business hath brought thee hither at this hour?" said Rodolph, addressing her.—"I have warned thee oft, De Comines," answered she; "and where thou hast availed thyself of my advice thou hast never failed. Beware; thy fate hangs by a slender thread! Thou knowest there is not one motive sways thy actions with which I am unacquainted. I have catered for thee, have watched and screened thy deeds; thou listenest to me with impatience."—"I do expect a visitor," said he, abruptly, "and would wish to be alone."—"What!" though thy visitor may be more seemly," answered she, "am I to be discarded? No! though thou hadst summoned all the fates before thee, I would stay and hear their dark decree."—"Proceed, and let me hear thy mission, then," said he.

Her look, tone, gesture, and demeanour here underwent a complete change: her look told that her mind was fraught with mystery; her tone, which before had a soothing sound, now assumed a haughty and terrific energy; her gestures were violent; and her demeanour was that of one, who, knowing they have a person in their power, are determined to use their tyranny according to the weight of misery the crouching slave can bear. "Rodolph!" she said, and paused, fixing her eyes upon him intensely, as if to read his soul, "tremble whilst I tell thee what the fates have decreed for thee:—thou hast done innumerable deeds, each one of which will be registered against thee in heaven; thou wilt be a wretched wanderer, an outcast upon the earth; murder will be legibly traced, in indelible characters, upon thy forehead; thy fellow-men will shun thee, and their execrations will follow thee as thou wanderest alone; even in darkness and solitude, when night shall hide thee from the eye of man, such tortures shall rack thy breast as thou hast never yet imagined!"

Rodolph stood almost petrified whilst she pronounced with frantic energy this soul-appalling malediction: he gazed upon her in speechless agony, and shrunk from beneath her penetrating glance as he would have done before the gaze of a basilisk. At length he addressed her in a supplicating tone:—"Morna! what hath roused thine ire, that thus thou prophesiest my doom? I pray thee revoke it, and I will be thy slave, and be at thy beck and bidding."—"I cannot revoke it," answered she; "thy doom is sealed, irrevocably fixed. As thy soul's idol—Power, has ever eluded thy grasp, so will she ever still; and even when thou thinkest to hug her in thine arms, she will escape thee. I revoke thy doom? I would not if I could. I have vowed to protect Leonora Viscomti,

and deemest thou I shall be remiss? Never! she never can be thine! Nay, start not, nor lay thy hand upon thy dagger; thou canst not harm me!"—"I here," said Rodolph, "abjure all further league with thee; from this time henceforth obtrude thyself no more upon my presence, or perchance thou wilt rue thy rashness!"—"Obtrude myself no more upon thy presence!" quoth she. "I shall see thine hall grown wild with rank weeds, and these lordly towers eyries for the eagles, and where float thy banners now, the owl shall hold her seat!"—"Hag!" exclaimed Rodolph, foaming with rage, "canst tell me why I am marked out for all this evil destiny?"—"In expiation of thy deeds," answered she. "I'll name some that would make a softer heart than thine to cease its beatings. Thou rememberest, some years ago,—'twas such a night as this,—I entered this apartment unawares, and hearing a faint scream, and stifled groan, concealed myself behind the arras; there I saw thee grasp a female's throat: I approached and saw—Good Heaven! it was thy sister Isabelle! True, thou didst stammer forth a prayer when thou sawest me, but she lay lifeless at thy feet!"—(Here she broke out into a horrid laugh, which made the apartment echo.)—"No more!" cried Rodolph: "I am weary of the world: I would that it were poised upon a needle's point, that I might push it off, and thus annihilate it. Thou sayest that I shall never gain the object of my constant care; my hopes shall be defeated; and that I shall be a wretched outcast on the earth: then, like the comet in its erratic course, I'll leave a trace behind that shall mark my progress."—"Nay, thou wilt be foiled at every turn," answered she: "thine evil genius shall haunt thy steps, true as thy shadow; and the proud sun will shine not down upon a greater wretch than thou."—"Beware!" said Rodolph, sternly, at the same time half-unsheathing a dagger, which was stuck in his richly-embossed girdle.—"I scorn thy threats, as I defy thy power!" answered she, with a determined tone.—"Oh! I have long and nobly dared to gain mine idol," said he with agony: "I have racked and tortured my invention to devise plans to obtain it, and have nearly matured them all; and thus thou comest to blast my prospects; hell is upon thy tongue, and thy cursed words have a more fearful import than e'er was breathed before: if, that thy legation has the stamp of truth, bearing, as it does, its semblance, ere I die I'll send more souls before me than the numberless hairs upon thine head; and thus—" he was in the act of springing forward to stab her, when he started back, the dagger dropping from his nerveless hand, and he sank down upon the floor. Morna opened the secret panel behind the portrait, and hastily closing it after her, disappeared.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE VILLAGERS' SON.

Washington Irving has so well described the miseries of a wet Sunday, at a country inn, that you will not be surprised to hear, that, after enduring one, unenlivened even by a "Stout Gentleman," I sallied forth with the first beam of returning sunshine, taking, as is my usual way, the road towards the church. I found the churchyard already occupied; and, in a few minutes, a funeral approached. The pall was supported by six young men, after whom came a female, who was, as I afterwards learned, the mother of the deceased, and then a kind of litter, on which the father was carried, his limbs having a long while failed to perform their wonted office. The grief of all present convinced me that the deceased was greatly beloved, and the little white favours, attached to their hatbands, declared that he was young.

They entered the church. The minister, in a most impressive manner, read the funeral service. No sound disturbed that most awful yet most beautiful ceremony, save the sobs of the agonized parents. The service finished, the procession retraced their steps, and, in a lonely part of the churchyard, deposited the remains of him who had once been so dear to them. When the coffin was lowered into the peaceful grave, and the earth rattled on its lid, the mother triumphed over the Christian, and, starting from those who supported her, she gazed on the now rapidly-disappearing coffin, and exclaimed,—"Oh, my William! I must follow thee! Who shall support me? Who shall enable thy father to bear his loss? Come to us, my child, or call us to thee!"

"Nay, nay, Mrs. Brown," said a young girl who stood by, and who seemed as much afflicted as the bereaved parent, "'tis wrong thus to give way; God will bring you through, if you pray to him. I will strive to fill his (William's) place to you. You know he bid you put your trust in God. I never knew any one so happy in death as William was."—"'Twas going to sleep," said another, convinced that he should rise happy.—"Yes, yes, I know he is happy," said the wretched mother; "but we——." Here her sobs again checked her utterance, and half led, half dragged, she quitted the side of the grave. In the meantime, those who carried the litter lowered it, in order to allow its wretched occupant another look at the almost hidden coffin, and, then, replacing it on their shoulders, followed the weeping mother, and endeavoured to stem the torrent of wretchedness which threatened to overwhelm this afflicted couple.

"Who was he?" said I, pointing to the grave.—"As good a lad as ever lived," said one of the many who still lingered round his lonely bed. "They may well fret, for there never was a more dutiful son. He would never, till about six months since, leave his home. 'Who will wait on my father? (he would say;)—what will he do, if I leave him?' for his father, poor man! has been in this same state ever since William was a child."—"He was from home, then, when he died?" said I, inquisitively.—"Yes," said one of the bearers, "he came to live among us: he was only ill a week."—"Poor fellow!" said I. "Was he married?"—"No: he would not marry while his parents lived: he gave them all he could save, and little enough it was, for he had only twelve pounds a year in his place, and found himself in clothes. If he had married, it would have been to that lass you saw by the side of his mother. While he was ill, he spoke feelingly of what his parents would suffer at his death. 'I am sure (said he) Betsey will do all she can to comfort them.' But come, neighbours," said my informant, "you know that we have a long way to go, and, if we don't mind, we shall be benighted."—"You will require some refreshment before you go," said I: "if you will go to the Swan, I will pay. His parents are too poor to treat you as you deserve; besides, you know, the expenses of the burial a are good deal for them to pay."—"Begging your pardon, Sir," said the one who had all along acted as spokesman, "his burial will be no expense to his parents; we brought him for love, not for money, and we clubbed together to pay all the expenses."—"You are generous lads," said I, delighted to find such kindness among them; "take this among you," offering some money to them at the same time. A consultation then took place, which ended in their taking half the money, and begging me to give the other half to the parents; after which they thanked me, and bade me a good night.

Left to myself, I strolled round the newly-made grave. The spot was beautiful. The little white-washed church stood at the end of a lane; two large yew-trees graced its entrance. The humble cemetery was surrounded by a very thick holly hedge, which afforded ample shelter to this last home of Mortality's children. Here every thing was at rest; not a sound to be heard. Surely, thought I, to be buried in such a place as this, would deprive death of half its terrors.—Casting my eyes to a corner of the churchyard, I observed one large tomb, which broke the humble appearance of the whole. This must belong to the manorial house (said I to myself as I approached,) I was right. A few short months ere that, the Lord of the Manor had consigned his only child to this tranquil tenement. Such, O gracious God! (I exclaimed) is thy will: thou sparest neither the rich nor the poor. When it seemeth good to thee, thou takest us hence: and, though our present life may be cheerless and cloudy, thou canst render our future life bright and glorious,—like that beauteous orb now sinking behind the hill. Oh! grant that my sun may set as brightly; I shall then forget all my sorrows. P. P.

Farnham, October 5, 1826.

BRUSSELS.

I promised to say something more of Brussels, and then to take my leave of it. We have considered this capital with reference to the healthiness of its situation, (a circumstance clearly shown by the comparative absence of disease during the present summer, whilst in many parts of the Netherlands the inhabitants have been dying in great numbers,) the cheapness of living, and the society which an Englishman of respectable habits and connexions may form here. In some other points of view Brussels is a desirable residence. It is a free capital, governed by equitable laws, and honoured, during six months of the year, with the presence of a virtuous and constitutional Sovereign. It is not in every metropolis that such a being as this can be met with. It is not in every place where there are kings (and there is no lack of them) that we see them personally inquiring into the condition of their subjects, receiving their petitions, redressing their wrongs, and relieving their necessities. Were their nothing else than this to admire at Brussels, it would go far to reconcile one to a six months' residence. But there are many things else to admire. Brussels is the nursery of talent, the growth of whatever clime, and howsoever driven thither for refuge and protection. It shielded the greatest painter of the age from the malice of his adversaries: it shelters now many painters, and many writers, who have been exiled from their native homes for their love of liberty. The musician of Italy, whose soul had been warmed with the inspirations of freedom, at the same time that it received the breathings of harmony, the outcasts of Spain and Naples, many of whom honoured by their talents the home from which they have been expelled, are here protected by the government, and supported by the people. There is, perhaps, altogether, more foreign talent in this capital than in any place of the same size in the universe.

As a focus of literature, Brussels is by no means contemptible. Compared with the size of Paris, its diurnal publications are as four to one in favour of Brussels, and scarcely a week passes without producing several excellent political and scientific treatises. London, with its million and a half of inhabitants, has thirteen daily newspapers: Brussels, with little more than the fifteenth part of this population, has six daily newspapers. This may be accounted for, perhaps, by the difference in price: a Brussels paper for a year costing little more than the expense of a London paper for a month: but it must be allowed that the Bruxellois are a reading and reflecting people.

Every body knows that there is a grand theatre at Brussels, where the Flemish boors may learn French nightly, at about sevenpence English, for a four hours' sitting. Whether they understand the language or not, is not easily known, for they are not over communicative; but, as the *paradis* (gallery) is the only part of the theatre decently filled, we may presume that they admire and understand the performances, which are always carried on by respectable French actors. As a matter of pounds, shillings, and pence, the Brussels theatre is a poor speculation; but the King makes up the deficiency to the manager, and so the drama lingers on its existence.

Of all things in the world most worthy of admiration, let us notice the police of Brussels. I know not whether they have a *great book** here or not, but certainly there is nothing to offend or disgust in the streets or the theatre, and much that might be adopted in England with benefit.† But enough of Brussels. It has its attractions and its faults. The latter preponderate, or not, according to the tastes of those who visit it. It is at any rate worth a trial, and in most cases it may be tried with advantage.

* The *Great Book* is the French Police Register of Prostitution. There is no mincing these things in France. If a woman of light conduct, whatsoever her station in life, be caught two or three times as a party in suspicious assignations, down she goes upon the Great Book. Her five francs monthly subscription are demanded, as from a common prostitute, and she is subject to *la visite* from the *officier de Santé*. An English lady of somewhat, but light morals, was once nearly caught by the police. The latter behaved civilly, however, and sent her a note to advise more caution in her amours in future.

† Sir Richard Birnie, and your west end magistrates, might have a lesson here. Brussels has no such public nuisances in the streets as your magistrates tolerate.

Poetry.

THE REMONSTRANCE.

Addressed to L. E. L.

Oh, tune the lyre no more to love,
It is an idle dream,
A mockery all else above,
The bubble on the stream;
More fickle than an April day,
And transient as the bloom of May.

Oh, sing no more of love, 'tmay suit
The schoolboy's early reed;
But thine, oh! thine the charmed lute
For loftier theme decreed;
And thine the proudly-gifted shell
Of heroes, and of arms, should tell!

Wake not the trembling chords again,
Devote to tears and sighs;
Thine, minstrel sweet, should be the strain
A distant age might prize;
And breathing inspiration's fire
Pure as e'er own'd Apollo's lyre!

Oh, sing no more of love, dear maid,
Forswear the spell that binds thee,
And quit the boy-god's gossamer shade,
Where phantoms but surround thee;
Oh! leave it for the field of slain,
And splendour of the battle-plain!

Or go, entwine a garland rare
Of flowers, in heaven that bloom,
And cheer the sickening heart of care
With hopes beyond the tomb!
Or, be the lyre attuned of thee
To balm-dispensing sympathy!

Or weave a wreath the brows to bind
Of contemplation mild;
Or melancholy, grief resigned,
Or gladsome woodland child;
But *love*, though witching be thy strain,
Of love, oh, never breathe again.

Liverpool. G.

CONTE.

PAR LE DR. ALBERT.

"Oui," disait, en son sermon,
Un vieux curé de village,
"Je connais demeure et nom
De la fille, qu'au bocage
Conduisit certain garçon:
Elle a dans la figure,
Depuis cette aventure,
Un gros bouton
Au menton."

Le pasteur avait à peine
Prononcé le dernier mot,
Que les filles, d'un air sot,
Et l'église en était pleine,
Toutes passèrent la main
Sur l'indiscret terrain
De ce bouton malin.

TO MR. VANDENHOFF,

ON HIS PERFORMANCE OF OTHELLO.

Thy bosom beats with love!—the melting eye,
The heaving breast and glowing cheek are thine;
Thy uttered words have music all divine;
A magic influence is in thy sigh!
But the strong doubt doth master thee, and thou
Art of all men most wretched:—quivering lip,
And clenched hand, and hairs that curl and drip
Over thy haggard, dark, and sweaty brow,
Declare thine agony,—until the stern,
Deep-settled resolution of despair,
(When the worn heart hath neither thought nor care,)
All milder things and better hopes doth spurn.
And we, spectators of the tragic scene,
Weep o'er it as a part of what hath been.

NOSCE TEIPSUM.

"Tom, you're the biggest fool I know,
And I know many a foolish elf;"
"That may be, but your saying so,
Proves that you do not know yourself."

ANON.

EIPTAPH

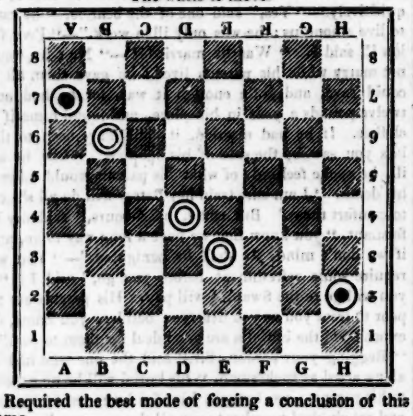
ON A CORONER, WHO HANGED HIMSELF.

By suicide
He lived and died!

☞ We have omitted our chess-board this week for the purpose of introducing the subjoined situation at draughts, the insertion of which has been particularly requested.

POSITION AT DRAUGHTS.

The white to move.



Required the best mode of forcing a conclusion of this game.

The Bouquet.

"I have here only made a nosegay of culled flowers, and have brought nothing of my own but the thread that ties them."

(From an American Paper.)

THE DEATH WARRANT.

"The last, the fatal hour has come."

The mists of the morning still hung heavily on the mountain top, above the village of Redcliff, but the roads which led towards it were crowded with the varied population of the surrounding country, from far and near. At Alesbury the shops were closed, the hammer of the blacksmith laid upon its anvil; not a waggon of any description was to be seen in the street, and even the bar of the tavern was locked, and the key gone with its proprietor towards the cliff, as a token of an important era which was without a parallel in the annals of the place. And save here and there a solitary head looking through a broken pane in some closed-up house, with an air of sad disappointment, or the cries of a little nursling was heard, betokening that, in the general flight, it had been left in unskilful hands; or, mayhap, here and there a solitary, ragged, and ill-natured schoolboy was seen, or a not less solitary and ill-natured dog, either seeming but half appeased by the privilege of a holiday, granted on condition of staying at home—the whole village exhibited a picture of desertion and silence which had been unknown before.

But in proportion as you drew nearer the ponderous cliff, in the midst of which the little town of Redcliff was situated, you mingled again in the thick bustle and motion of the world, of men, and women, and boys, and horses, and dogs, and all living, moving, and creeping things that inhabit the wild districts of Pennsylvania.

The village itself was crowded to overflowing long before the sun had gained a sufficient altitude to throw its rays upon the deep valley in which it lay. There the bar of an inn was crowded, and the fumes of tobacco and whiskey, the jingling of small change, and the perpetual clamour of the throng, were sufficient to rack a brain of common flexibility. In the streets there was a greeting of old and long-parted acquaintances; the bartering of horses; the settling of old accounts; the buffoonery of half-intoxicated men; the clatter of women; the crying and halloeing of children and boys, and the barking and quarrelling of stranger dogs. To look upon the scene, to mingle with the crowd, to listen to the conversation, or to survey the countenances of the assembled multitude, led to no satisfactory solution of the cause for which this mass of heterogenous matter was congregated.

Within the walls of the old stone jail at the foot of the mountain, a different scene had been that morning witnessed. There, chained to a stake in the miserable dungeon, damp, and scarcely illuminated by one ray of light, now lay the emaciated form of one whose final doom seemed near at hand. A few hours before, his wife and little daughter had travelled a hundred miles to meet him once more on the threshold of the grave; they met, and from that gloomy vault the song of praise ascended with the ascending sun; and the jailer, as he listened to the melodious voices of three persons whom he looked upon as the most desolate and lost of all in the wide world, blended sweetly together, and chaunting the beautiful hymn,

"It is the Lord! should I distrust,
Or contradict his will," &c.

almost doubted the evidence of his senses, and stood in fixed astonishment at the massy door. Could these be the voices of a murderer and a murderer's wife and child?

This brief, and to be final, interview had passed, however; those unfortunate ones had loudly commended each other to the keeping of their heavenly Parent, and parted; he, to face the assembled multitude on the scaffold, and they, as they said, to return by weary journeys to their sorrowful home. The convict, worn out with sickness and watching, now slept.

His name was Jason Creel, his place of residence said to be in Virginia. He had been taken up while travelling from the northward to his home, and tried and convicted at a country town some miles distant, for the murder of a traveller, who had borne his company from the Lakes, and was ascertained to have a large sum of money with him, and who was found in the room in which they both slept, at a country inn, near Redcliff, with his throat cut. Creel always had protested his innocence, declaring that the deed was perpetrated by some one while he was asleep; but the circumstances were against him, and though the money was not found on him, he was sentenced to be hung, and had been removed to the old stone jail at Redcliff for security, the county jail being deemed unsafe. This was the day the execution was to take place; the scaffold was already erected; the crowd pressed round the building, and frequent cries of "Bring out the murderer," were heard.

The sun at last told the hour of eleven, and there could be no more delay; the convict's cell was entered by the officers in attendance, who aroused him with the information that all was ready for him without, and bade him hasten to his execution; they laid hands upon him and pinioned him tight, while he looked up towards heaven in wild astonishment, as one new born, and only said, "The dream—the dream." "And what of the dream, Mr. Jason?" said the Sheriff—"you would do me a great kindness if you would dream yourself and me out of this cursed scrape." "I dreamed," replied the convict, "that while you read the death warrant to me on the scaffold, a man came through the crowd, and stood before us, in a gray dress, with a white hat and large whiskers, and that a bird fluttered over him, and sang distinctly—'This is Lewis, the murderer of the traveller.'"

The officers and jailer held a short consultation, which ended in a determination to look sharply after the man in

gray with the white hat; accompanied with many hints of the resignation of the prisoner, and the possibility of his innocence being asserted by a supernatural agency. The prison doors were cleared, and Creel, pale and feeble, with a hymn book in his hand, and a mien all meekness and humility, was seen tottering from the prison to the scaffold. He had no sooner ascended it, than his eyes began to wander over the vast concourse of people around him with a scrutiny that seemed like faith in dreams; and while the Sheriff read the warrant, the convict's anxiety appeared to increase; he looked, and looked again; then raised his hands and eyes a moment towards the clear sky, as if breathing a last ejaculation, when, lo! as he resumed his first position, the very person he described stood within six feet of the ladder! the prisoner's eye caught the sight, and flashed with fire while he called out, "There is Lewis, the murderer of the traveller," and the jailer at the same moment seized the stranger by the collar. At first he attempted to escape, but being secured, and taken before the magistrates, he confessed the deed, detailed all the particulars, delivered up part of the money, informed where another part was hidden, and was fully committed for trial —while Creel was set at liberty, and hastened like a man out of his senses from the scaffold.

Three days had elapsed; Creel had vanished immediately after his liberation, when the pretended Lewis astonished and confounded the magistrates by declaring Creel to be her husband; that she had concealed the disguise, and performed the whole part by his direction; that he had given her the money, which he had till then successfully concealed about his person; and that the whole, from the prison to the scaffold scene, was a contrivance to effect his escape, which having effected, she was regardless of consequences. Nothing could be done with her—she was set at liberty, and neither she nor her husband were heard of again.

Biographical Notices.

TALMA.

Talma is entitled to the highest praise of the stage. He has been for thirty years at the head of acting in France. Among the cloud of aspirants, no man has approached him; he has had no equal, even no rival, almost no remote competitor. The forms of the French stage, doubtless, prohibit the rapid emulation of the English; and the most vivid spirit must not trespass on the routine, which gives the superior opportunities to the old performers. But eminent talents will show themselves. Talma, almost at his entrance into theatrical life, made his strength felt, obtained his rank, and has from that hour kept it without fear of change.

It is not national partiality to say, that Talma's genius, if he was born in France, was trained in England; that without his knowledge of the English stage, he would not have been the regenerator of the French; and that Siddons and Kemble taught him the use of his talents, as Shakspeare, even mutilated by Ducis, gave him his favourite and most triumphant distinction.

Talma was born in Paris, about the year 1760. He was remarked as an intelligent, and a peculiarly sensitive child. It was customary in the French schools, as here, to perform a little theatrical piece on the breaking up for the holidays. Talma, then a child of eight years old, played in one of these plays, on the story of Tamerlane. His part was that of a confidant, who closed the play by announcing to Tamerlane the death of his son, the bosom friend of the reciter. The child's story was told in a burst of real sorrow, which surprised the audience. However, the curtain fell, and the little actors had dispersed to get rid of their robes, when Talma was missed, and was not found till after some search, in a corner, still wrapped in his robe of tragedy, and weeping bitterly at the misfortune of the imperial dynasty. He could scarcely receive comfort, and was for a week ill in consequence of his loyal sorrows.

His father, who lived in London, a goldsmith, I believe, now sent for him, and the future Roscius of France was, after a few years spent at a boarding-school, in the classic neighbourhood of Lambeth, articled to a surgeon. His theatrical propensities, however, had made themselves so well known among the foreigners in London, that Sir John Gallini, the Albert of his day, then superintending an amateur French company, at the Hanover-square Rooms, applied to Talma, and he played in a whole succession of comedies.

But the English stage was then in its glory; Siddons and Kemble were in their prime. The performance of those two pre-eminent leaders decided Talma's vocation. Unquestionably they formed his taste. He returned to Paris, and took a fresh and full review of all that was able or attractive in the national companies.

It is the custom of the *Theatre Française* to make every actor begin, as it is phrased, *a la queue*, at the bottom of the list. Talma began like the rest. His first part was the insignificant one of *Argatiphontidas*, in Moliere's *Amphytrion;* and in this unimportant, yet painful course of characters, he continued for a period; yet, even in this, his natural talent burst out from time to time, and he began to be looked on, even in the fastidious French theatre, as an actor who might yet shake some of the heroes on their thrones.

Accident has its share in all fortunes, and Talma was lifted out of his subordination by one of these chances that come to all men, and are thrown away upon all but a man of genius.

Charles the Ninth, a tragedy, by Chenier, was received, and ordered to be put in rehearsal. The author carried the principal part to *Saintfal*, the tragic despot of his day. In a week after, on Chenier's waiting, with the humility of a French dramatist, on the stage monarch, the part was returned to him, with the added sneer, that "if the author was determined on having it played, possibly young Talma would do it quite well enough."

Chenier was angry—but he had watched Talma's performance, and he took Saintfal at his word; Talma accepted the character with delight. The boldness of the attempt fixed the whole gaze of Parisian criticisms on him; and this was equivalent to the whole gaze of Paris. Talma, who naturally felt that fate and fortune hung upon the night, studied the character with his entire soul. The Tragedy triumphed, and the fame of the actor was sealed.

His reputation now grew rapidly; he was, in spite of ordinances, in the first rank of his profession. The wits said, that he had "cleared *Saintfal* without touching him in the leap;" and his performance of *Othello* placed him at that height, from which he has never descended a step, and which has been, for almost thirty years, left to his sole possession.

(From the Courier Français.)

Francis Joseph Talma was born in Paris, not in 1766, as some biographers have erroneously stated, but in 1760. He was taken to England when very young, but soon returned to France, where he completed his studies. This circumstance has given rise to a claim, on the part of the English newspapers, which is honourable to the memory of the illustrious countryman whom we now deplore. These journals claim for Great Britain the honour of giving birth to a talented man, who, in the science of giving expression to the passions, and carrying theatrical illusion to the highest degree, far surpassed Lekain and Garrick. When Talma was about ten years old, and was entering college, he first felt and proved his vocation to be the drama. The instructions of the most learned and judicious masters were not lost on him. His first *début* in a French scene was in 1787. The commencement of his profession is thus spoken of:—"He has succeeded in tragedy and comedy. Besides his other natural endowments, he has an agreeable figure, a voice at once sonorous and audible, with a pure and distinct enunciation. He feels the harmony of versification, and can communicate such feelings to others. His deportment is simple, his action natural. He is always in good taste, and has no mannerism, being an imitator of no actor, but using his own discretion and abilities." Talma was peculiarly distinguished in the part of *Seide*. He was passionately fond of the theatre, and had a great ambition to extend the limits of a profession to which he was about to become so great an ornament. Being on the most intimate terms with literary men, the most celebrated painters and sculptors of the day, he resolved, in the very commencement of his career, to effect a revolution in the costume of the stage, which had been scarcely commenced by Lekain and Madame Clairon, according to the advice of Marmontel. In spite, therefore, of Gothic usages, which are sometimes as powerful in the theatre as in the great world, and to the great scandal of the old people accustomed to French tragedy, Talma, who had gained some confidence in the tragedy of *Brutus*, had the courage to appear in a veritable Roman *toga*. From that moment may be dated the great intimacy that has existed between the most distinguished actor of the present day and the greatest painter of the French school. They both advanced the science in which they were respectively so eminent, by the most simple, natural, and correct representations. He was, for a long time, owing to absurd regulations, condemned to play parts unworthy of him; and it was to Chenier he was indebted for being brought into a more favourable light. Every one knows his success in *Charles the Ninth;* but his triumph in this character brings to mind the persecutions to which he was subjected from the jealousy excited against him. We shall not mention the long list of characters in which he excelled; the first he became notorious in was *Charles the Ninth*, the last *Charles the Sixth*.

It was said by the old flatterers of Napoleon, who, however, were his greatest detractors after his fall, that Talma did not teach him how to bear the insignia of his power with dignity. He, however, lived in habits of intimacy with that great man, who never suffered talent, in whatever state of life he found it, to go without its reward. We leave to others the part of describing the sublimity of his character as an actor; we shall merely say that his private life merited the attention and respect of those numerous friends whom his death has plunged into the deepest sorrow. The frankness of his disposition, the excitement with which, even in an advanced age, he spoke of the study to which he had devoted his life, and on some occasions the almost infantine simplicity of his manners, threw an inexpressible charm around his acquaintanceship. It is melancholy to think, that had he followed the advice given him by a physician at Havre, the progress of that malady, to which he fell a victim, might have been arrested. He preserved his strength of mind till the last.

Talma published some excellent observations on the stage last year. It was by him that the celebrated Spanish tragedian (Maiquez) was taught, who has gained himself such credit in his own country, as the fruit of his studies and observations at Paris. This actor, however, was driven from the theatre amid the political storms which burst on his country, and has not since been replaced. He died young, and in poverty; in which latter circumstance, we are sorry to say his destiny was similar to that of his illustrious master.

We understand that Talma's bodily pain was not great immediately before his death. His nephew has kept an accurate journal of every thing said by him, from day to day, and from hour to hour, during his tedious illness. His last words were a tender adieu to some friends around him. Then followed some expressions in broken accents, among which the name of Voltaire was distinctly heard.

FUNERAL OF TALMA.

According to his last desire, the mortal remains of Talma were this day carried direct from his house, to the cemetery of *Père la Chaise*. At ten o'clock precisely, the funeral procession set out. It consisted of a magnificent hearse, drawn by four horses, fifteen mourning coaches, Talmas carriage, with those of Mademoiselle Mars and Mademoiselle Duchesnois, and two or three other empty ones, having their curtains lowered. In an open carriage was Madame Roustan (Mademoiselle Volnais) in mourning, and in a second, which immediately followed, were M. Ancelot and M. Soumet, and in a third were M. Casimia Perrier and his two sons. In the first mourning coach we noticed M. Arnault, sen. and M. de Jouy, habited in the costume of the Institute. All the others were empty, the fineness of the weather having allowed Talma's friends, who were to have gone in them, to follow the procession on foot, which they preferred.

The number of persons composing it may be estimated at three or four thousand, almost all young persons, at the head of whom walked several distinguished by decorations. M. Mechin, in his costume as a deputy, and the performers of the Theatre Royal, all bare-headed, marching in the greatest order and silence. Numbers, by the expression of their faces, showed the profound grief with which they were penetrated.

The procession arrived at Père la Chaise, at about half-past eleven o'clock. The place of sepulture was on one of the heights to the right, not far from the monument of Marshal Massena, and bordering upon that of the Despaux family.

Midway up the steep leading to it, the hearse stopped; twelve young men then carried the coffin to the borders of the grave destined to receive it.

From an early hour in the morning, a considerable crowd, amounting, perhaps, to 20,000 persons, had filled the cemetery, and when the coffin was brought into it, they assembled round the tomb. It was not without difficulty that the persons carrying the coffin, with the friends, and even the orators themselves, were able to get within the circle. With the exception of this slight disorder, which only arose out of a pardonable anxiety, every thing passed with the greatest propriety, and religious respect.

The *Journal des Debats* of Sunday, from whence we take this account, proceeds to give two or three columns of extracts from the funeral orations, delivered over the grave, by Lafona and De Jouy. It mentions also, that an oration was delivered by M. Arnault, sen. and an extemporaneous discourse by M. Toulotte, and that a copy of verses, recited by a gentleman, whose name was not known, terminated the mournful solemnity.

CHARLES THE TENTH.

FROM WHEATSTONE'S ANNUAL SELECTION OF POPULAR DANCES.

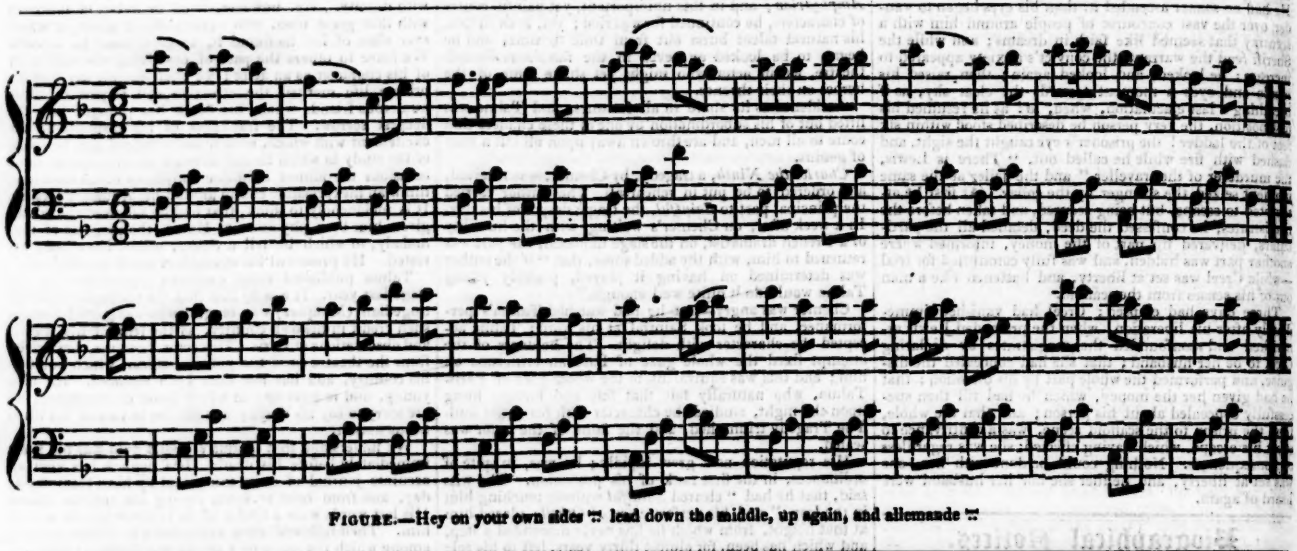


FIGURE.—Hey on your own sides ‡ lead down the middle, up again, and allemande ‡

Scientific Notices.

Comprehending Notices of new Discoveries or Improvements in Science or Art; including, occasionally, singular Medical Cases; Astronomical, Mechanical, Philosophical, Botanical, Meteorological, and Mineralogical Phenomena, or singular Facts in Natural History, Vegetation, &c.; Antiquities, &c.; List of Patents.

VOLCANIC CHARACTER OF THE ISLAND OF HAWAII.

Notice of the volcanic Character of the Island of Hawaii, in a letter to the Editor, and of various facts connected with late observations of the Christian Missionaries in that country, abstracted from a Journal of a Tour around Hawaii, the largest of the Sandwich Islands.

(From the American Journal of Science and Art, for June, 1826.)

[*Continued from our last.*]

It appeared from the statement of the guide, that about eleven moons ago, two large chasms were formed, and that the great hollow had been formed by the subsidence of the earth, about two moons ago, in consequence of an earthquake. The missionaries regarded this as an infant volcano, which seems, however, to have remained mainly undisturbed for a long time, perhaps for ages; "for the lava is decomposed to a considerable depth, and is mingled with prolific soil, fertile in vegetation, and profitable to its proprietors." We felt, they observe—"a melancholy interest in witnessing the first exhibitions of returning action, after so long a repose in this mighty agent, whose irresistible energies will probably, at no very distant period, spread desolation over a district, now smiling in verdure, repaying the toils and gladdening the heart of the industrious cultivator." The place which the missionaries had visited, is about ten or twelve miles from the sea shore, and about twenty from the great volcano, at the foot of Mouna Roa.

As they returned, they "passed several hills, whose broad base and irregular tops showed them originally to have been craters. They must have been very ancient, as they were covered with shrubs and trees. From them must have come the then molten, but now indurated floods, over which the party had been travelling."

Having made every preparation to visit the great crater of Kirauea, the party set forward at 5 p. m. of July 31.

At a place called Kapuhai, they "stopped at the entrance of a large cave, arched over by a thick crust of ancient lava." This cave, although with no other light than that which entered at the mouth, was inhabited permanently by entire families, whose members were cheerfully employed in domestic industry within, while the children were playing among the fragments of lava without. Although very poor, they imparted to the travellers both fresh water and taro root.

The progress of the party was now over a most beautiful country, which, to the right, sloped gradually for ten or fifteen miles to the ocean, and rose abruptly to the left, "where it was crowned with the woods, which extend like a vast belt round the base of Mouna Roa. At the distance of three or four miles they came to another cavern in the lava, called Keapuana, which is often used as a lodging place for benighted travellers. "The entrance, which was eight feet wide, and five high, was formed by an arch of ancient lava. The interior of the cavern was about fifty feet square, and the arch that covered it was ten feet high. There was an aperture at the northern end, about three feet in diameter, occasioned by the falling in of the lava, which admitted a current of keen mountain air through the whole of the night. While they were cleaning out the small stones between some of the blocks of lava that lay scattered around, a large fire was kindled near the entrance, which, throwing its glimmering light on the dark volcanic sides of the cavern, and illuminating one side of the huge masses of lava, exhibited to our view the strange features of our apartment, which resembled, in no small degree, scenes described in tales of romance."

From the higher regions in the vicinity of the cave the light of the volcano illuminating the clouds was distinctly visible.

On the morning of Aug. 1, the party ascended from their subterranean dormitory, and directed their course N. N. E. towards the smoke. "The path (they remark) for several miles, lay through a most fertile tract of country, covered with bushes or tall grass, and fern from three to five feet high, and so heavily laden with dew, that before we had passed it, we were as completely wet as if we had been drawn through a river. The morning air was cool, and the singing of birds enlivened the woods. After travelling a short distance over the open country, we came to a small wood, into which we had not penetrated far, before all traces of a path entirely disappeared. We kept on some time, but were soon brought to a stand by a deep chasm, over which we saw no means of passing. Here the natives ran about in every direction, searching for marks of footsteps, just as a dog runs to and fro when he has lost the tracks of his master. After searching about half an hour, they discovered a track, which led considerably to the southward, in order to avoid the chasm in the lava. Near the place where we crossed over, was a cave of considerable extent. In several places, drops of water, beautifully clear, constantly filtered through the arch, and fell into calabashes placed underneath to receive it. Unfortunately for us, these were all nearly empty: probably some traveller had been there but a little time previous. Leaving the wood, we entered a waste of dry sand, about four miles across. The travelling over it was extremely fatiguing, as we sunk to our ancles at every step. The sand was of a dark olive colour, fine and sparkling, adhered readily to the magnet, and being raised up in every direction, presented a surface resembling (colour excepted) that of drifted snow. It was undoubtedly volcanic, but whether thrown out of any of the adjacent craters, in its present form, or made up of small particles of decomposed lava, and drifted by the constant trade winds from the vast tract of lava to the eastward, we could not determine. Having refreshed ourselves, we resumed our journey, taking a northerly direction towards the columns of smoke, which we could now distinctly perceive. Our way lay over a wide waste of ancient lava, of a black colour, compact and heavy, with a shining vitreous surface, frequently thrown up by the expansive force of vapour, or heated air, into conical mounds, from six to twelve feet high, which were rent, in a number of instances, from the apex to the base. The hollows between the mounds and long ridges were filled with volcanic sand, or fine particles of decomposed lava. It presented before us a sort of island sea, bounded by mountains in the distance. Once it had certainly been in a fluid state, but appeared to have become suddenly petrified, or turned into a glassy stone, while its agitated billows were rolling to and fro. Not only were the large swells and hollows distinctly marked, but in many places the surface of these billows was covered by a smaller ripple, like that observed on the surface of the sea, at the first springing up of a breeze, or the passing currents of air, which produce what the sailors call a "cat's paw." The sun had risen now in his strength, and his bright rays reflected from the sparkling sand; an undulated surface of the vitreous lava dazzled our eyes, and caused considerable pain, particularly as the trade wind blew fresh in our faces, and continually drove particles of sand into our eyes. This part of our journey was unusually laborious, not only from the heat of the sun, and the reflection from the lava, but also from the unevenness of the surface, which obliged us constantly to tread on an inclined plain, in some places as smooth, and almost as slippery as glass, where the greatest caution was necessary to avoid a fall: frequently we chose to walk along on the ridge of a billow of lava, though considerably circuitous, rather than pass up and down its polished sides. Taking the trough or billow between the waves, we found it safer, but much more fatiguing, as we sank every step deep into the sand. Between eleven and twelve o'clock

we passed a number of conical hills on our right, which the natives informed us were craters. A quantity of sand was collected around their base, but whether thrown out by them, or drifted thither by the wind, they could not inform us. In their vicinity we also passed several deep chasms, from which, in a number of places, small columns of vapour arose at different intervals. They appeared to proceed from Kirauea, the great volcano, and extended towards the sea in a S. E. direction. Probably they are connected with Poushohoa, and may mark the course of a vast subterraneous channel, leading from the volcano to the shore. The surface of the lava on both sides was considerably heated, and the vapour had a strong sulphureous smell.

We contisued our way, beneath the scorching rays of a vertical sun, till about noon, when we reached a solitary tree, growing in a bed of sand, and spreading its roots among the crevices of the lava. We threw ourselves down, stretched out our weary limbs beneath its grateful shade, and drank the little water left in our canteens.

In every direction around us we observed a number of pieces of spumous lava, of an olive colour, extremely cellular, and as light as a sponge. They appeared to have been drifted by the wind into the hollows which they occupied. The high bluff rocks on the north-west side of the volcano were very distinctly seen; the smoke and vapour driven past us, and the scent of the fumes of sulphur, which, as we approached from the leeward, we had perceived ever since the wind sprung up, were now very strong, and indicated our approach to Kirauea. Impatient to view it, we rose, after resting about half an hour, and pursued our journey. By the way-side we saw a number of low bushes, bearing beautiful red and yellow berries in clusters, each berry being about the size and shape of a large currant. The native name of the plant is *Ohelo*.

We travelled on, clearing every ohelo bush that grew near the path, till about 2 p. m. when the great CRATER OF KIRAUEA all at once burst upon our view. We expected to have seen a mountain with a broad base, and rough indented sides, composed of loose slags or streams of lava, and whose summit would have presented a rugged wall of scoria, forming the rim of a mighty cauldron. But instead of this, we found ourselves on the edge of a steep precipice, with a vast plain before us, fifteen or sixteen miles in circumference, and sunk from 200 to 400 feet below its original level. The surface of the plain below was uneven, and strewed over with large stones, and volcanic rocks; and in the centre of it was the great crater, a mile or a mile and a half distant from the precipice on which we were standing. Our guides led us round towards the north end of the ridge, in order to find a place by which we might descend to the plain below. As we passed along, we observed the natives, who had hitherto refused to touch any of the ohelos, now gather several bunches, and after offering a part to Pele, they ate them freely. They did not use much ceremony in their acknowledgment, but when they had plucked a bunch containing several clusters of berries, they made a stand, with their faces turned towards the place where the greatest quantities of smoke and vapour issued, and breaking the branch they held in their hand in two pieces, they threw one part down the precipice, saying at the same time, "E Pele eia ka ohelo au; e taumaha aku wau ia oe, e ai hoi au tetaki;" ("Pele, here are your ohelos; I offered some to you, some I also eat.")

We walked on to the north end of the ridge, where the precipice being less steep, a descent to the plain below seemed practicable. It required, however, the greatest caution, as the stones and fragments of rock frequently gave way under our feet, and rolled down from above; and with all our care we did not reach the bottom without several falls and slight bruises. The steep which we had descended was formed of volcanic materials, apparently a light red, and gray kind of lava, vesicular, and lying in horizontal strata, varying in thickness from one to forty feet. In a small number of places the different strata of lava were also rent in perpendicular or oblique directions from the top to the bottom, either by earthquakes, or other violent convulsions of the earth, connected with the action of the adjacent volcano. After walking some distance over the sunken plain, which, in several places, sounded hollow under our feet, we came suddenly to the edge of the great crater, where a spectacle, sublime and appalling, presented itself before us. Astonishment and awe for some moments deprived us of speech, and, like statues, we stood fixed to the spot, with our eyes rivetted on the abyss below. Immediately before us yawned an immense gulph, in the form of a crescent, upwards of two miles in length, about a mile across, and apparently eight hundred feet deep. The bottom was filled with lava, and the south-west and northern parts of it were one vast flood of liquid fire, in a state of terrific ebullition, rolling to and fro its "fiery surge," and flaming billows. Fifty-one craters, of varied form and size, rose, like so many conical islands, from the surface of the burning lake. Twenty-two constantly emitted columns of gray smoke, or pyramids of brilliant flame, and many of them at the same time vomited from their ignited mouths streams of fluid lava, which rolled in blazing torrents down their black indented sides into the boiling mass below. The sides of the gulph before us were perpendicular for about 400 feet, when there was a wide horizontal ledge of black solid lava, of irregular breadth, but extending quite around. Beneath this black ledge the sides sloped towards the centre, which was, as nearly as we could judge, 300 or 400 feet lower. It was evident that the crater had recently been filled with liquid lava up to this black ledge, and had, by some subterranean canal, emptied itself into the sea, or inundated the low land on the shore. The gray, and, in some places, apparently calcined sides of the great crater before us; the fissures which intersected the surface of the plain on which we were standing; the long banks of sulphur on the opposite side; the numerous columns of vapour and smoke that rose at the north and south ends of the plain, together with the ridge of steep rocks, by which it was surrounded, rising probably, in some places, 400 feet in perpendicular height, presented an immense volcanic panorama, the effect of which was greatly augmented by the constant roaring of the vast furnaces below.

We then walked along the western side of the crater in search of water, which we had been informed was to be found in the neighbourhood, and succeeded in finding three pools, where the water was perfectly fresh and sweet. These pools appeared great natural curiosities. The surface of the ground in the vicinity was perceptibly warm, and rent by several deep, irregular chasms, from which steam and thick vapours continually arose. In some places these chasms were two feet wide. From thence a dense volume of steam ascended, which was immediately condensed into small drops of water, by the cool mountain air, and driven like drizzling rain into hollows in the lava, at the leeward side of the chasms. The pools, which were six or eight feet from the chasms, were surrounded and covered by flags, rushes, and tall grass. Nourished by the moisture of the vapours, these plants flourished luxuriantly, and, in their turn, sheltered the pools from the heat of the sun, and prevented evaporation. We expected to find the water warm; but in this respect we were also agreeably disappointed. When we had quenched our thirst with water thus distilled by nature, we directed the natives to build a hut for us to pass the night in, in such a situation as to command a view of the burning lava; and while they were thus employed, we prepared to examine the many interesting objects around us. Mr. Thurston visited the eastern side of the great crater; and Messrs. Ellis and Goodrich went to examine some extensive beds of sulphur at the north-east end. After walking about three quarters of a mile over a tract of decomposed lava, covered with ohelo bushes, they came to a bank about 150 yards long, and, in some places, upwards of 30 feet high, formed of volcanic sulphur, with a small proportion of red clay. The ground was hot, its surface rent by fissures; and they were somtimes completely enveloped in the thick vapours that continually ascended. A number of apertures were visible along the whole extent of the bank of sulphur; smoke and vapours arose from these fissures; and the heat around them was more intense than in any other part. They climbed about half way up the bank, and endeavoured to detach some parts of the crust, but soon found it too hot to be handled. However, by means of their walking sticks, they broke off some curious specimens. Those procured near the surface were crystallized in beautiful circular prisms of a light yellow colour, while those found three or four inches deep in the bank, were of an orange yellow, generally in single or double tetrahedral pyramids, and full an inch in length.

A singular hissing and cracking noise was heard among the crystals, whenever the outside crust of sulphur was broken, and the atmospheric air admitted. The same noise was produced among the fragments broken off, until they were quite cold. The adjacent stones and pieces of clay were frequently incrusted, either with sulphate of ammonia, or volcanic sal ammoniac. A considerable quantity was also found in the crevices of some of the neighbouring rocks, which was much more pungent than that exposed to the air. Along the bottom of the sulphur bank, they found a number of pieces of tufa, extremely cellular and light. A thick fog now came over, which being followed by a shower of rain, obliged them to leave this interesting laboratory of nature, and return to their companions.

They saw flocks of wild geese, which came down from the mountains and settled among the ohelo bushes: they were informed that they were numerous in the interior, but were never seen on the coast.

At sun-setting, although the thermometer was at 69°, expecting a cold night upon the mountain, they collected fuel, and removed from a dangerous place, which the natives had superstitiously chosen for them, upon the very edge of the crater. The ground sounded hollow in every direction, frequently cracked, and in two instances actually gave way as they were passing over it, and exposed the persons, whose limbs sunk through the lava, to great danger and to some injury.

Mr. Thurston, who had been benighted at some distance, found his way back, directed by the fire, but not without experiencing great difficulty from the "unevenness of the path, and the numerous wide fissures in the lava." They now partook with cheerfulness of their evening repast, and afterwards, amidst the whistling of the winds around, and the roaring of the furnace beneath, offered up their evening sacrifice of praise. "Between nine and ten, the dark clouds and heavy fog, that, since the setting of the sun, had hung over the volcano, gradually cleared away, and the fires of Kirauea, darting their fierce light across the midnight gloom, unfolded a sight terrible and sublime beyond all they had yet seen."

"The agitated mass of liquid lava, like a flood of melted metal, raged with tumultuous whirl. The lively flame that danced over its undulating surface, tinged with sulphureous blue, or glowing with mineral red, cast a broad glare of dazzling light on the indented sides of the insulated craters, whose bellowing mouths, amidst rising flames and eddying streams of fire, shot up at frequent intervals, with loudest detonations, spherical masses of fusing lava, of bright ignited stones. The dark bold outline of the perpendicular and jutting rocks around formed a striking contrast with the luminous lake below, whose vivid rays, thrown on the rugged promontories, and reflected by the overhanging clouds, combined to complete the awful grandeur of the imposing scene."

They sat "gazing at the magnificent phenemenon for several hours, when they laid themselves down on mats, to observe more leisurely its varying aspect; for, although they had travelled upwards of twenty miles since the morning, and were both weary and cold, they felt little inclination to slept. The natives, who probably viewed the scene with thoughts and feelings somewhat different from theirs, seemed however equally interested. They sat most of the night talking of the achievements of Pele, and regarding with a superstitious fear (at which we were not surprised) the brilliant exhibition. They considered it the primeval abode of their volcanic deities. The conical craters, they said, were their houses, where they frequently amused themselves by playing at *konane*. The waving of the furnaces and the crackling of the flames were the *kaui* of their *hura* (music of their dance) and the red flaming surge was the surf wherein they played, sportively swimming on the rolling wave."

The natives said, that, according to tradition, the volcano had been burning from chaos, or night, till now; for they refer the origin of the world, and even of their gods, to chaos, or night; and the creation was, in their view, a transition from darkness to light. They stated, that, in earlier ages, the volcano "used so boil up, to overflow its banks, and to inundate the adjacent country; but that, for many kings' reigns past, it had kept below the level of the surrounding plain, continually extending its surface, and increasing its depth, and occasionally throwing up, with violent explosion, huge rocks, or red-hot stones. These eruptions, they said, were always accompanied by dreadful earthquakes, loud claps of thunder, and vivid and quick succeeding lightning. No great explosion, they added, had taken place since the days of Keona, but many places near the sea-shore had been overflowed; on which occasions, they supposed that Pele went, by a road under ground, from her house in the crater to the shore.

[*To be continued.*]

METEOROLOGICAL DIARY.

[*From the Liverpool Courier.*]

Barometer at noon.		Extreme during Night.		Thermometer morning	Extreme heat during Day.		State of the Wind at noon.	Remarks at noon.
Oct.								
18	29 83	44¼	0	48	0	58½ 0	S.E.	Fair.
19	29 84	47	0	52½	0	58 0	E.N.E.	Rain.
20	29 75	50	0	57	0	61 0	E.	Cloudy.
21	29 70	56	0	60	0	63¼ 0	S.E.	Cloudy.
22	29 78	55½	0	60½	0	64 0	E.	Rain.
23	29 62	54	0	57	0	62 0	S.E.	Fair.
24	29 56	52	0	54	0	61½ 0	S.	Fair.

19th,—Eight, a.m. rain.
20th,—Rain during night; eight, a.m. rain.
22d,—Eight, p.m. rain.

The Beauties of Chess.

"*Ludimus effigiem belli.*"—VIDA.

CHESS GAME

BETWEEN THE LONDON AND EDINBURGH PLAYERS.

In our details of this game last week, we erroneously stated, that the London players had the first move; whereas it appears that the Edinburgh players led off, but which had the white or black does not appear, neither is that of any consequence. We must, therefore, trouble our readers to reverse the places of the words London and Edinburgh with a pen, and to run the pen also through the words white and black. We are also sorry to trouble them to alter two figures in the play, which, by an oversight of the printers, escaped correction. On the 8th move of the white, the knight should go to D 2, instead of B 2; and in the 10th move of the white, the queen should go to C 2, instead of C 8. The reader will simply have to substitute a D for a B, and a figure 2 for 8.

SOLUTION TO GAME CXIV.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1 Queen .....A—7X	1 King .....A—7
2 Castle .....A—1X	2 King .....B—8
3 Bishop.....F—4X	3 Knight ...E—5
4 Bishop ...E—5X	4 Castle .. ...C—7
5 Bishop.....C—7X	5 King .....C—8
6 Castle .....A—8X	6 King .....D—7
7 Castle .....D—8X	7 King .....E—6
8 Castle .....E—8X	8 King .....D—7
9 Castle .....E—7X	9 King .....C—8
10 Knight ...B—6X MATE.	

ANOTHER SOLUTION.

In the work from which we copied the above game, the checkmate is given on the 10th move. A correspondent, *W. C.* has however pointed out the following method of effecting the mate on the 7th move.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1 Queen.....A—7X	1 King .....A—7
2 Pawn .....B—6X	2 King .....A—8
3 Castle.....A—1X	3 King .....B—8
4 Bishop ...F—4X	4 Knight ...E—5
5 Bishop ...E—5X	5 Castle .....C—7
6 Pawn .....C—7X	6 King .....C—8
7 Knight ...B—6X MATE.	

Miscellanies.

HORRIBLE TRAGEDY IN REAL LIFE.

It has never fallen to our lot to record a more deplorable narrative than the following. The reader need hardly be apprized that Beauchamp, actuated by a motive which is explained in the melancholy detail, had assassinated Colonel Sharp, in the United States of America.—This act, and the tragical consequences which resulted from it, present an awful moral lesson to the villanous seducer of female innocence, and the heartless traducer of character.

BEAUCHAMP AND HIS WIFE.

(From the Georgetown Metropolitan.)

A very long letter, dated Frankfort, the 15th of July, was received by a gentleman in this town, who kindly permitted us to make a short extract, as touching a matter that cannot fail to prove interesting to the public.

"Of the unhappy exit of Beauchamp and his wife, you have doubtless heard ere this through the medium of the public prints. It is still the topic of conversation here, and, although there are few who do not admit the justice of the destiny of the ill-fated pair, still I assure you there is a very strong feeling of sympathy excited, and their melancholy story not unfrequently receives the tribute of a tear, even in the very spot where the unhallowed deed was committed. Mrs. Beauchamp, I understand, was originally from Loudoun county (Virginia) and came into our State with her father, on whom ill fortune pressed with a heavy hand; the result of which was dissipation, and, lastly, death, leaving a wife and this young lady, the only surviving child, in very dependent circumstances.

"Miss Cook was a young and lovely woman, with a sylph-like figure, a countenance the most sweet and expressive I ever beheld. She was liberally educated, and her genius and mind towered far beyond her more wealthy associates. Her thoughts were as free as the air she breathed; and those whose souls never travelled beyond the dull and ordinary pursuits of life, did not scruple to affirm, that her free thoughts ruined her. It is said that Colonel Sharp once addressed her—that, however, is not positively known; but it is well known that he seduced her.—When a woman like her gives her heart, all else is but too apt to follow. She had a child, and her seducer was soon after married to another woman. This perfidy stung her to the soul; her health became impaired for a time, and the gay and lively girl, whose society most men courted and women feared, drooped like a lily blighted by the storm.

'And this is woman's fate—
All her affections are called into life
By winding flatteries, and then thrown back
Upon themselves, to perish; and her heart,
Her trusting heart, filled with weak tenderness,
Is left to bleed or break.'

"It was for some time feared that her reason had lost its empire. She gradually recovered, however, and her hand was sued for by young Beauchamp, a very sprightly and interesting youth, to whom she was united. Before her marriage she ingenuously told him of the calamity that had befallen her, and he as generously buried it in oblivion; and, when the recollections of her wrongs did not intrude themselves upon her, she lived comparatively contented. With the politics of our state much personal acrimony is blended; and the seduction of Miss C. was charged upon Colonel S., to his prejudice. Mrs. Sharp and her mother were very vindictive upon the subject, to quiet whom, it is said, that Colonel S. exhibited certificates from the accoucheur, that the child of Miss Cook was a mulatto; and those ladies very imprudently talked of it, as having seen the certificates to that effect. This information was conveyed to Beauchamp, the certificate being read as he was entering the door. As soon as the damning intelligence met his wife's eyes she sunk in a chair for a minute or two, and, suddenly recovering herself, she extended her arms upwards, her dark eyes flashing fire terrible as the lightning of heaven—'Oh, my God! this demands vengeance! vengeance! See! see!' said she, handing the letter to her husband. 'Charlotte Corday struck a tyrant down, and she is lauded in history: if I kill the villain I shall be loaded with obloquy, and branded as a murderer.' Beauchamp took the letter and read it, then took his wife's hand, and, looking her full in the face, said, in a slow and emphatic manner, 'My much-injured, my much-insulted Ann, his doom is sealed!' With this declaration she seemed appeased. Her whole heart was now fixed on revenge, so much so, that her countenance underwent a great change, loosing all its sweetness and placidity; and her husband said at times he almost feared to look on it.

"After his return from accomplishing the deed, she met him at the threshold, and, throwing her arms wildly round his neck, vehemently asked 'Is it done?' then, putting both her hands before her face, she said, 'God is just, and I am revenged!' and, sitting on a chair, she sobbed most piteously for half an hour. It did seem as if she relented for a time; and she once expressed her fears, that the vengeance was too terrible, and too dearly bought.

"From the moment she went to the dungeon with her husband all thought of self was lost—she stopped at no sacrifices, however painful, but helped to beguile him until it was known he had nothing to hope for from the clemency of the Governor. It was then she endeavoured to arm him with fortitude, to instil into his mind contempt for death, and how much more it would become him, as a man, to die by his own hand, rather than by that of the hangman. 'I will die with you,' said she; 'you generously shared my unhappy destiny in life—I will show you how cheerfully I will unite mine with yours in death. 'Do you not remember,' said she, 'how Aria, when her husband, Pœtus Cecinna, was accused only of a conspiracy against Claudius, stabbed herself, and handed the dagger to him, who followed her noble example? Do you not recollect, too, how Cleopatra refused to outlive the fallen fortunes of the great Anthony and Cleopatra? The mind of Ann Beauchamp is made up—and she disdains to listen to the arguments of sophists and fools, to move her from her purpose.' It was evident that Beauchamp had some religious qualms, and was not satisfied that suicide was justifiable under any circumstances; but her daring soul soared far beyond such speculations.

"When they took the laudanum, she drank her's first; and, handing him the phial, said, 'Recollect, my dear, with what a determined spirit Socrates drank the hemlock!'

"After their repeated efforts had failed, both of them expressed some impatience, and much disappointment; and it was now found necessary, if they were to accomplish their object, to resort to the knife. On the fatal morning when the bloody tragedy was acted, she took his hand, and smiling with a kind of mournful composure, said—'Come, my dear husband, the knife must do us the friendly office after all.' The guard was then requested to retire; and, embracing each other tenderly, he exclaimed, 'Yes, Ann, we will die together, and throw ourselves upon the mercy of our God!' He then drew forth the knife, and stabbed himself! she seized his hand, as if anxious to perish at the same moment, and plunged it into her body! Her wound was mortal—he perished on the scaffold! The whole scene was one of such an agonising character, that tears fell from every eye. It will be long, indeed, ere I forget it. A full account of these two ill-fated beings will shortly be published."

Singular Derivations.—An ingenious writer informs us, that in the English language all the words of necessity are derived from the German; and the words of luxury, and those most used at the table, from the French. The sky, the earth, the elements, the names of animals, household goods, and articles of food,—all these are the same in German as in English; the fashion in dress, and every thing belonging to the kitchen, luxury, and ornaments, are taken from the French; and to make a degree of exactness, that the names of animals which serve for the ordinary food of man, such as an ox, calf, sheep, when alive, are all called the same in English as in German; but when they are served up for the table, they change their names, and are called beef, veal, mutton, after the French.—*London paper.*—In reference to the curious information given in the foregoing paragraph, it is not inappropriate to add, that the word *kalf* signifies *veau* in all the northern languages. We state this on the authority of Voltaire, who, in his "Histoire de l'Empire de Russie sous Pierre le Grand," says,—"*Kalf* signifie *veau* dans toutes les langues du Nord." page 225.—*Edit. Kal.*

To Correspondents.

CHIMNEYS THAT CANNOT BE OVERTHROWN.—A Manchester correspondent requests we will give a place in the *Kaleidoscope* to an article on chimneys, which appeared in the last *Mercury*. He is pleased to attach great importance to the suggestion; and as many of his friends, he observes, take the *Kaleidoscope*, who are not in the habit of reading any newspaper, he thinks we shall be rendering them an acceptable service by adopting his suggestion. In compliance with the request, we shall in our next give an abridged description of the iron chimney, omitting some prefatory and extraneous matter.

Caledoniensis may be assured that it will not put our "candour or liberality" to any severe test, to publish the query contained in the sequel of his note. We wish, however, previously to consult a work on chess, to which we have not immediate access. In our next we shall resume the subject; and in the meantime shall only observe, that when we say "our chess language," we mean the method we have adopted. Without knowing or caring whether it has been previously used, we are quite convinced that it is intelligible and simple, and such as, if ever adopted, would never have been relinquished by any person of common sense.

Our esteemed correspondents, *Camiola Turing's* and *Comic Melancholy*, are intended for our next publication.

E.'s Lines on Friendship shall appear in our next.

THE AUSTRIAN ASSASSIN shall be given in the next *Kaleidoscope*, in conformity with the suggestion of a correspondent

ANCIENT SHIPS OF WAR.—The article on this subject, which we promised to copy from the *Scotsman*, must be deferred until next week. The engraving in the original was so very indifferent, that we have deemed it indispensible to provide a much better, which must be our apology for the delay.

Scripserd's communication is in hand for our next publication.

The PANACEA, by *Mary Howitt*, shall appear next week.

J. H. S.'s request shall be complied with next week. In the meantime we would just hint to him that the principal fault of the piece is obscurity, the introduction of inapplicable epithets, and of inadmissible words, such as "moveless," &c.

We have further to acknowledge the receipt of *W. A.* and *Observer*.

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